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CHICAGO OUTLET

WLS

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(FRIDAY)

TIME

DATE

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

ORCHESTRAL INTRODUCTION - RANGERS & COWBOYS

ANNOUNCER: Well, here we go again today - up to the Pine Cone Mountains for another glimpse of the work of Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers in their administration and protection of the National Forests. On the ranges within the National Forests of the Western states, grazing of livestock is allowed under permit from the Forest Service, the permits being granted in accordance with carefully worked out range management plans that provide for utilization of the annual forage crop without over-grazing or damage to the ranges. The summer grazing season on the mountain ranges is well under way now, and our friends Rangers Jim Robbins and Jerry Quiox are busy seeing that the livestock are properly distributed and that the grazing regulations are being followed. Last week, you remember Jerry found Box O brand bulls on the range in violation of the agreement with the local livestock association that bulls would not be permitted on the range until July first. When he rode down to see Mr. Gay, the owner of the Box O ranch, about it, they discovered that the widow's new pasture fence had been cut. As we tune in now, Jerry has gone back on the range to help the widow's ranch foreman drive the bulls back to the pasture. - Here we go -

SOUND OF HORSES AND CATTLE SWILING

JERRY: (YELLS) Ye-up - Hi, get along there -- Head that one. Trans!

VOICE: (OFF) GAD! Over there!

JERRY: Hey - who's this coming - whoa. Spark, hold it. (HORSE STOPS)

SOUND OF ANOTHER HORSE COMING UP AT GALLOP

MARY: (OFF, CALLS) Jerry - wait!

JERRY: (CALLS) Hub, - it's you, Mary?

MARY: (COMING UP) Yes - whoa, Tricket (HORSE STOPS) - I was afraid I wouldn't find you, Jerry.

JERRY: What's the matter, Mary? What you riding way up here for, each a big hurry?

MARY: I was worried about Mrs. Jay. I'm afraid she might do something rash, Jerry. Can't you stop her?

JERRY: Why? -- What's up?

MARY: She's as mad as a hornet --

JERRY: I know she is. Somebody cut her new pasture fence -- that's how these bulls got out.

MARY: But she's got a gun, Jerry - a great big revolver!

JERRY: Got a gun, eh?

MARY: Yes. She was starting out just as I got back to the ranch house, and she wouldn't say a word about where she was going. All she'd say was that she had some business to take care of and she looked like she might do anything.

JERRY: I guess she's heading for Sam Rigg's cow camp all right. She expects the of cutting her fence.

MARY: But can't you stop her, Jerry? I'm so worried - she might get into a lot of trouble.

JERRY: I guess I better ride over there, Mary. - I guess Frank can handle these bulls all right now.



MARY: You must go, Jerry. And don't let Mrs. Gay do any thing.

JERRY: I won't, Mary. I'll be going right now. (CALLS) Now, Frank, can you handle these critters all right now? I gotta go up to the cow camp.

VOICE: (OFF) Okay.

MARY: Should I go too, Jerry?

JERRY: Maybe you'd better not, Mary. Why don't you help Frank run these bulls in?

MARY: All right. Trinket just loves to chase cattle.

JERRY: But be careful how you run up on 'em. These bulls don't handle as easy as most cattle.

MARY: I'll be careful, Jerry. And please hurry, won't you? Don't let anything happen to Gaysie.

JERRY: I won't - (CLUCKS) Come on, Spark - (SOUND OF HORSE AT GALLOP) So long, Mary.

INTERVAL - MUSIC

FADE IN - SOUND OF HORSE AT GALLOP

JERRY: (CALLS) Hi - Hello there, Mrs. Gay. (HORSE SLOWS TO TROT) Where you headed for?

MRS. G. (OFF) What you doing up here. I thought you were rounding up my bulls.

JERRY: Frank's got 'em in by now Gaysie. -- Now, Spark (HORSE SLOWS) Where you going?

MRS. G.: (ABRUPT) I'm going after that Riggs outfit that cut my fence - that's where I'm going.

JERRY: Why all the heavy artillery Gaysie? That six gun looks as big as you do.

MRS. G. Well, I'm not wearing it just for fun.

JERRY Better let me carry it, and take the load off you.

MRS. G. So you don't think I ought to be treated with a gun, Sam?
Well, I'll tell you, young man, I'm not going to let these
cottons think they can run all over me, just because I'm a
woman.

JERRY Okay, Gagsie. But you'd better let me take the gun just
the same. (LAUGHS) You know it's heavy and it ain't light.

MRS. G. (SMILES) All right. - Here, - go ahead and take it, - but
don't you think I don't mean business.

JERRY Sure. - Let's see how it looks on me - hook, the police too
much. I guess I better put it in the saddle-bag.

MRS. G. Suit yourself. - Come, Monte. (HORSES START TO WALK)

JERRY (MOVES) Tell! Tell! Again. - So you're going to Sam's
camp, Sam, Gagsie?

MRS. G. Yes, and you should worry that I can't take care of myself.
Fisher - you do it.

JERRY I'll guess I'll go along anyway. The day's just over, you
know, Monte.

MRS. G. All right. Suit yourself. - Get up, Monte.

FADING, SOUND OF HORSES GALLOPING

INTERVAL

FADING - HORSES WALKING - DOG BARKS

JERRY There's Sam's dog! Boy! Mean old dog, ain't it?

MRS. G. Any would you expect - just like his master.

JERRY (LAUGHS) There's Sam out of the mind - now, now. Sam!

(HORSES STOP) (GRABS) Hi there, Sam.

RIGGS: (OFF) Hello there, Jerry - (COMING UP) Howdy do, Mrs. Gay.
 MRS. G: (COLD) Howdy.
 RIGGS: Git down an' cool yer saddles.
 JERRY: Okay - pretty warm today, Sam.
 RIGGS: Yes, 'tis. - Wants come in, Mrs. Gay. Our camp m' be awful tidy, I'm afeard, but it ain't bad.
 MRS. G: I can state my business right here, thank you, Mr. Riggs.
 RIGGS: Suit yerself, ma'am. What's a-worryin' yah?
 MRS. G: Someone cut my pasture fence and let my bulls out on the range.
 RIGGS: That so? That's too bad, ain't it? I wonder who done it?
 MRS. G: That's what I'm here to find out. Do you know anything about it?
 RIGGS: (LAUGHS) I'm not sayin' yes an' I'm not sayin' no.
 JERRY: Sam, somebody cut that fence to drive through a herd of cattle onto this range. We followed those tracks right into a herd of Rapid Creek stock.
 RIGGS: What you got to do with it?
 JERRY: Not a thing, except the Association asked us to enforce the bull rule and we agreed to do it, and Mrs. Gay's bulls trailed up on the range when the fence was cut.
 MRS. G: Frankly, Mrs. Riggs, I think you or your outfit did it.
 RIGGS: (SURLY) Well, supposin' we did. You oughta've put a gate on that road. We've hauled our salt and driv our stock through there for thirty years.
 MRS. G: That is my land, and I have a perfect right to fence it.

71733: I ain't gonna let a your land, my own, none of it go to the
property. If we can't drive through that we gotta go two
miles around.

71734: It isn't a road. It isn't even a good trail

71735: Maybe so, but it's been used by the public for more'n twenty
years. That makes it a public road, an' - Jimmie Johnson
where'd you come from Jim Robbins?

71736: (TOMING UP, CHUCKLES) Oh, I just come in from the creek -
left my horse over yonder in the grass. (CHUCKLES) Too dark
were an' busy talkin', I didn't wanta meet in.

71737: Look here, Mr. Robbins, I want us both to get --

71738: I heard most of your conversation, walkin' around the corner.
Mr. Gay. Somebody cut your fence and drove cattle through
and your bulls got out. Is that it?

71739: Yes, that's it, and I'm accusing Sam Riggs of some of the
crowd of doing it.

71740: How about it, Sam?

71741: Well, I ain't doin' it, Jim, but I'm claimin' the right
that rose as a driveway accordin' to the twenty-year law.

71742: Yeah, sure -- but it'd take about twenty years more and a
lot of litigation in the course to prove your rights Sam --
if you have any.

71743: Maybe so, but just the same, I'm goin' to fight 'er through
if it takes twenty years.

71744: (HEATEDLY) And in the meantime, Mr. Riggs, I'll get out a
restraining writane to keep you off my land, and I'll file
suit right now for trespass and damages.

RIGGS: Go ahead if yuh wants.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Looks to me like you folks're both kinda flyin' off the handle. Don't you reckon you could figure some way to settle this peaceable like?

MRS.G: I'm willing, provided Mr. Riggs and his men keep off my land and repair my fence.

RIGGS: I ain't promisin' nothin'.

MRS.G: All right, I start suit tomorrow and I'm serving notice on you right now to stay off my land.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) She means business, Sam.

RIGGS: Wait a minute now, Mrs. Gay. - Mebbe yuh better get off yer horse an' I'll talk to yuh about that fence.

MRS.G: I can listen right here.

RIGGS: Well - how much damage d'yuh figure we did yuh?

MRS. G: That fence will have to be repaired.

RIGGS: Well, supposin I go fix 'er up, an' talk to the boys about keepin' off - wadda yuh say?

MRS. G: You're talking sense now, Riggs.

RIGGS: Well, I'll talk to the boys about it.

JIM: Why don't you folks fix this thing up right while yo're at it?

MRS.G: Exactly - we don't want any beating around the bush.

JIM: I didn't hear you mention any damage by the stock crossing the land --

MRS G: Well, I'll admit there wasn't much, Jim.

JIM: All right. Let Sam repair the fence and put in a gate so they can get through, and --

ANN: (CHUCKLES) I needn't tell you Sam. 'Cause it seems like I'm always in on things around here to start with.

MRS. G: And at the finish, too, Jim. — Say Jim, the folks around here ought to call you the Peacemaker.

INTRODUCT

ANNOUNCER: Peacemaker Jim McGuire, eh? Maybe that wouldn't be such a bad name. Well — Uncle Sam's York & Packer will be with us again next Friday. This program is produced by the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

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